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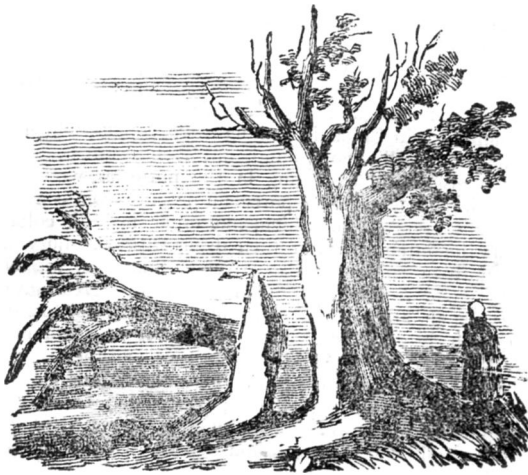
words of command. Fine-piping, well taught bullfinches are frequently sold at high prices. Handsome birds with these qualities, have produced from five to ten guineas each.

The male bullfinch is in bigness equal to the hen, but he has a flatter crown, and excels her in the vividness of the lovely scarlet or crimson on the breast; and the feathers on the crown of the head, and those that encompass the bill, are of a brighter black. When seen together, the one may be easily known from the other; but while the birds are young it is more difficult to distinguish them. One of the surest ways is to pull a few feathers from their breasts, when they are about three weeks old; in about ten or twelve days the feathers that come in the place of those pulled will be of a curious red, if a male bird; but, if a hen, of a palish brown.

The bullfinch breeds late, seldom having young ones before the end of May, or beginning of June. She builds in an orchard, wood, or park, where there are plenty of trees, or on heaths; her nest seems made with very little art: she lays four or five eggs of a bluish colour, with large dark brown, and faint reddish spots at the large end.

Young ones, to be reared, should be at least twelve or fourteen days old. They must be kept warm and clean, and fed every two hours, from morning to night, with a little at a time. Their food must be rape-seed, soaked in clean water for eight or ten hours, then scalded, strained, and bruised, mixed with an equal quantity of white bread soaked in water, and boiled with a little milk to a thick consistency. It must be made fresh every day, if sour it will spoil the birds. When they begin to feed themselves, break them from this soft food, and give them rape and canary seed, as to linnets, with more of rape. When ill, put a blade of saffron in the water. They may be tried with wood-lark's meat, or fine hempseed, but plenty of rape, with a little canary, is good diet. While young they will soon take tunes which are repeatedly piped or whistled to them, and learn words.

A full grown bullfinch weighs about thirteen drachms. It is six inches long, from the point of the bill to the end of the tail; the length of the tail being two inches.



BIG BELL-TREE, BURRISOKANE.

The above is a representation of a large ash tree, partly growing, and partly rotten, about three miles to the north of Burriskane, in the county of Tipperary. It is called by the neighbouring inhabitants the Big Bell Tree. The reason why so called is on account of a large bell being once suspended on its branches; as a proof of which the beam that supported the bell was to be seen until a few years ago. Convenient to the tree is the ruins of an old church, that gave name to the parish of Aghlish, in which it is situated, and to which the bell belonged.

It is traditionally recorded that in whatever house a portion of this tree should be burned, that house will meet

with the same fate, which though a piece of superstition has been productive of some good; for there would be scarcely a branch of the venerable tree remaining at this day, was there not some such tale circulated. There is a hollow between the branches of the part still growing, from which holy water used formerly to be taken. It was all standing (though one half being entirely rotten) until a few years ago, when the rotten part was blown down by a storm. Comerford, in his History of Ireland, relates that St. Ruaden, founder of the abbey of Lurcho, wrote the history of a wonderful tree. Now as this tree is but a few miles distant from Lurcho or Loughagh, and being from time immemorial in a decayed state, we may reasonably conjecture that it was the subject of his history. From a slight examination a person would be led to suppose that they were two separate trees, but it is plain from the appearance of the roots that it was once a solia tree. It is impossible now to give its exact dimensions; but when it was all sound it must have measured, at least, thirty feet in circumference. Its height from the ground to the first branch measures ten feet, and from the standing spike to the farthest edge of the sound part, measures seven feet five inches. T. A.

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY IN THE NATIVE LOVELINESS OF IRISH MANUFACTURE.

I had well nigh ador'd Evelina,
So late from the Continent come,
But I thought upon faithful Malvina,
As fair, but a 'keeper at home.'

Again, from this bright Evelina,
Adorned in a gay Tuscan hat,
I was rescued in time by Malvina,
In a bonnet of Irish straw plat.

In a rich Cashmere shawl, Evelina
Aimed a wound at my wavering heart;
But an Irish silk scarf, my Malvina
Waved between, and averted the dart.

A glove of Fripon's, Evelina
Drew gracefully over her arm:
But the Limerick one of Malvina
Had a native and conquering charm.

In a French brodered robe, Evelina
My wandering senses beset;
But my guardian stept forth in Malvina,
Attired in our own tabinet

Decked by Spain, India, France, E. & C.
As the fever was about to grip;
When Malvina, my dear Malvina
View industry's ruins, and deep

Alien then said I, Evelina,
She hummed one of Italy's songs;
But I heard the sweet harp of Malvina
Coopering of green Irish songs—

That her heavenly voice's sons ever hasted,
To leave her torn and distressed;
And the wealth of her rich valleys wasted,
In regions less lovely and best.

E. S.

DUBLIN:

Printed and published by P. D. Hardy, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambury; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Glasgow by W. R. M'Phun.